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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
GRAY-BEARD
OR THE
BRANDYBOTTLE
OF
KINKEGOLAW

With an Answer to Mr. Guild's Vindication
of the Brandy-Bottle of Kinkegolaw, which
is not here mentioned.

*Being the Tragedy of the Duke de Alva, alias
Gray-beard, or the Complaint of the Bran-
dy Bottle, lost by a poor Carriour by falling
from the Handle, and found by a Company
of the Presbitry of Peebles near to Kinke-
golaw, as they returned from Glasgow, im-
mediatly after they had taken the Test.*

Printed in the Year 1700.

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IT fell upon the Moneth of November,
A fatal Fall my Bodie did Dismember :
Many shall tell the Tale that never saw,
The Brandy-Bottle of Kinkegolaw.
Where groaning on the ground I chanc'd to spy
Two Men in Black devoutly passing by;
So when my feeble voice their ears could reach
Poor antient *Gray-beard* thus began to preach
O Sons of *Levi*, Ministers of Grace,
Have some regard to my right reverend Face
My broken Shoulders, and my wrinkled Brow,
Calls fast for Pity and Supply from you;
Help, Godly Sirs, and if it be your Will,
Convey me safely Home to *Bigger-Mill*;
Where

Where going to the Widow I was lost,
 Alas! I fear the Carriour pay the cost.
 Poor Soul, if this mischance should him betide,
 He has no more in all the World beside.
 They did not relish this Discourse of mine,
 But vow'd the poor should soon be out of pine;
 And took me Prisoner to *Kinkegolaw*
 Where store of that *Black Company* I saw:
 Fy Sirs, said I you have at *Glasgow*, been,
 Swearing Alledgeance to your *God* and *King*;
 So do not superad so foul a Deed, (head,
 And take poor *Gray-beard's* blood upon your
 This cruelty sore should you all repent,
 Were he but here whose Picture I present,
 And yet before we part, I'll so prevail,
 The best of you shall strive to kiss my Tail,
 This I was taught when *Gray beard* I was call'd
 That proper, pure religion, and undefil'd;
 The Widows Cate and Fatherless did notice,
 And ne'r drank out, but filld their empty bottles
 At first they pitied my Lifeless Skin,
 But when they found some cordial heat within
 They flock'd about & quickly me surrounded
 And cruelly unto the Heart me wounded:

A 2

They

Adv. Bil.

They said *de Alva* never took the *Test*,
 Therefore rank *Papist* go unto thy rest;
 And brag of thy right honourable Tomb:
 When thou art buri'd in a *Testers* Womb,
 Right blyth they were & drank to one another
 And still th'health went round, here to you be
 I love thy blood so well says Master *Bee*, (th
 Thy Bones to *Tweed* shall in Procession go,
 At last the Hostes of the House came in,
 Finding the Brethren in a merry pin;
 She tells them that a Carriour poor had lost
 The *Brandy-Bottle* whereof they did boast;
 And for a sure unquestionable Token,
 Here is the hand look ye where it was broke
 So grave and reverend Sirs. be but so hand som
 To take a double Gill for *Gray-breads* ransom
 At which their godly Wisdoms were confound
 For they had no intention to refund it. (

Mr. P. Purdy Speaks.

Yet one stood up in Name of all the rest,
 And swore he bought it when he took the *Test*
 So be he Poor or Rich the *Brandy* lost,
 Till Doomsday we shall never pay the cost.

Thi

(5)

This Wife wil Lodge none be it *Paul* or *Peter*
If once they take the *test*, for fear they cheat her
You shall not find a Cloyster of such Clouns,
Search all the Squads of Troupers or Dragouns
Survey the Country, try the Broken Lairds,
Search *Mar & Lithgows* regiments of guards)
Such spirit Liquor cures Us of all Sorrow;
Courage we'll take another *Test* to Morrow:
And after all is done, we can Recant,
And swear to *Tenor, Test* or *Covenant*:
While we are here, we'll no Advantage shun,
; There is no *Brandy* in the World to come,

*An Answer to Mr. Guild's Vindi-
cation.*

Infamous Scribler, Natures Fool and Shame!
(Senseless Satyre, Beast without a Name;
Thou scandal to Devotion, scurvy Priest,
Why made thou earnest of a merry Jest?
False Ballader, had thou no Remorse, (worse
To turn poor *Gray-heads* Case from bad to
All my thy slanderous Tongue for ever smart,
Though it run parallel with thy false heart,
And

And cudgei thy dry Carcase into Tears,
 Were't not for the sacred Coat thou bears.
 What Mortal can read manners, good or grace
 In the dark Lantern of thy *Gipsies* Face:
 Thou nasty *Negro*, filthy reasty *Ram*,
 A skin like that of a *Westphalia-ham* :
Egyptian Mummy out of sight be gone.
 Let none but *Surgeons* view thy *Skeleton*.
 A Female amorous that were in Love,
 At thy first view would soon abortive prove
 If by misfortune she should chance to see,
 So foul a Compound of *Disformitie*.
 Thou calls the Author fool that never heard
 How *Spaniards* wear *Mustaches* & no beard
 Obscure *Phanastick* Fellow let alone,
 I have seen 500 *Spaniards* for thy one:
 And yet I swear of all thy Sun-brunt Crew,
 I saw not one had thy prodigious Hew:
 Granting that this the *Spaniards* Custom were
 In every place are not some singular?
 Bold *Ignoramus*, what needs all this Jarrs?
 Read thou but *Strabo* on the *Belgick Wars*;
 Where thou wilt see D. *Alvas* Beard & Face,
 The *Dutch* drew on their Bottles in disgrace.
 Thou

Thou Poetasters Ape, stain to thy Nation
 Vile Product of some monstrous Copulation
 In Officious Guild, where were thy Fancy brags,
 When Gullenstript thee from thy Lousie-rags.
 And wilt thou Verifie that general Evil,
 Let Beggars ride, they'l gallop to the Devil.
 Did this look Gospel-like, Guild dar thou say,
 To drink the poor Mans Bottle & not pay't
 Or was it seemly for a Man that Preaches,
 To steal away the Bottle in his Breeches,
 Look that thy absence make the not despair,
 And cut thy Throat, because thou mist a share
 For sure it was, it put rhe in a Rapture,
 That thou forgot both Prayer, Grace & Chapter
 Thy wiser Brethren silent were & sorrie, (glory
 Such Fools as thou do make their shame their
 Thou wilt not have that fault so much as nam'd
 Which they themselves first openlie Proclaim'd
 Thine was a Raling not a Vindication,
 And makes thee now Ridiculous to the Nation
 Why does this Fellow thus his Follie vent
 Doth Boe or He our whole Church Represent?
 Among the *Apostles* was there not a Chear,
 And see we not the *Tares* grow with the Wheat
 Don't

(8)

Don't hissing snakes cloud the fair glistening moor
And grow not naughtie Gull among the Corn
Clap to thy stomach this my blistering Plaist
And Learn no more to meddle with thy Mast
Which if thou do, the next it will be sharpe
/ Fear not thee, far less Tom Suter Harper
Whom I could whip, but Credit me restrain
Because the Fellow is not worth my pains:
Now show thy self great Caesar Man or nil
O Guild thou fool, mock Preacher at Kirkm

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